

Female Follies DETECTED

OR, The Arts of a

Devising Woman LAID OPEN

To Maxims proper to be observ'd by all,
Especially the Youth of this Nation, to Arm
themselves against the Subtilties and devi-
ces of designing Women.

Divided into Six Chapters.

- I. Of their Allurements.
- II. Of their Inconstancy.
- III. Of their Love.
- IV. Of their Revenge.
- V. Of their Pride.
- VI. Of their Ingratitude.

Two Volumes, 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. one is Conscience
of Virtue, the other is Memoirs of Vice.

Printed in the Apprentices of LONDON.

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To Which is added, Two POEMS: one in Commem-
oration of Virtue, the other in Dispraise of Vice.

Dedicatory to the Apprentices of LONDON.

London, Printed by Bay. Hays, at the Lower end of
Buckingham-street, near the Royal Exchange, 1734.

THE FEMALE SPECTATOR DEDICATED.

OF THE ARTS OF

DESIGNING, WOMAN

LAYD OPEN.

IN MAXIMS proper to be observ'd by all
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ces of intriguing Women.

Divided into Six Chapters.

- I. Of their Attire.
- II. Of their Entertainment.
- III. Of their Education.
- IV. Of their Retirement.
- V. Of their Friends.
- VI. Of their Fortunes.

To which is added, Two FORMS, one in Commem-
oration of Virtue; the other in Exaltation of Vice.

As dedicated to the Spectator of LONDON.

London Printed for B. A. at the lower end of
St. Dunstons Lane near the Royal Exchange 1702.

THE
Epistle Dedicatory

TO THE
Apprentices of LONDON.

WE may observe the Happiness
or Unhappiness that waits upon
this Life, are most commonly
owing to the Vigilant and Industrious,
or the careless and ungoverned
Actions of our Youth; and as the former
lays a probable Foundation upon
which (by a continued Care) we may
build our succeeding Fortunes to a comfortable
height, so the latter robs us of
that Substance upon which we ought
(for our Security) to place the Pedestal
of our future Prosperity: And as there

The Epistle Dedicatory.

is nothing tends more to the Destruction of Youth, or renders them more incapable of considering their own Welfare, than the Conversation of *Intriguing Women*: I thought, Young Men, I could not do you a greater Service in this Age, where to tempt cunningly, and deceive slyly, are the Study of the *Female Sex*, than present you with a small Pocket-piece, which shall serve as Armour to defend you from the Darts thrown from *Wanton and Designing Women*, whose evil Communication corrupts good Manners, and will make you (if deluded by them) Disobedient to the Laws of G O D, undutiful Children to your Parents, unjust Servants to your Masters, ill Husbands (when you Marry) to your Wives, bad Fathers to your Children, Enemies to your Countrey, and Slaves to others, as well as to your own Vices. There is nothing more evident, than that several Young Men in this City of *London* have been drawn aside, to their Ruin, by the attractive Sorcery of these bewitching

Lead

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Equal stones, which having been obscur'd of late by the Right Honourable the *Mayors*, and other the *Judges of Law*, that they have been so commendably industrious in suppressing this Vice, within the Bounds of their Jurisdiction, that it is a hard matter for a *Night-walking Strumpet* to strole through the City unpunish'd. The *Magistrates* have done their Parts, and nothing is requir'd further, (for the more effectual Promotion of the City's Glory) but your Care to avoid the Lust and Subtilty of those *private Madams*, whose gay Apparel, and false Pretence to Modesty, gives them Covert in reputable Families, where they heard with the Vertuous, declaim against the Vices of the Age, and seem to wonder at that Wickedness in others, which themselves do practice daily, to maintain their Pride.

I have therefore Taught you how to know these *Vultures* in *Peacocks Plumes*, and how to avoid them, and how to converse with them without Prejudice

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in the following Treatise, which I dedicate to your View, and commend to your Practice, as you are the Flower of our Nation, and Glory of the Metropolis; to whom

I Subscribe myself

Your most Humble Servant,

E. W.

The

THE
PREFACE.

THE Study of Designing Women in all Ages having been to Improve, and set off Nature with such Artificial Charms, alluring Dresses, and restless Glances, that most of our Youth, before they have shifted of the tender years of their Infancy, are subdued by their Pollitick Inducements, to their Ruinous Embraces, which are frequently succeeded by irrecoverable Injuries, either to Estate or Person, if not Both, except withdrawn Timely, (by Prudence) from this Epidemical Folly.

I have therefore thought it necessary, to present the Age (in this following Treatise) with a fair Prospect of the Dangers that wait on the Conversation of Intriguing Women: With a Scheme of their Allurements,

The Preface.

ments, Subtile Stratagems and Devices, by which they oft Trepan Unwary Youth, into a State of Misery.

I have not only (in brief Sentences) laid open the studied Policies, and cunning Delusions of the Female Sex, but have given such Maxims of Prudence, that shall Arm you against their Subtilties, and teach you to act Counter to all their Designs, though laid and carried on with the greatest Cunning and Industry.

As Virtue is better understood by Experience than Precept, so the knowledge of Vice is better gain'd by Precept than Experience; and as all things are distinguished by their Contraries, so it is necessary to be acquainted with the latter, to compare it as a Foyle, to set off the true Lustre and Beauty of the former.

In the Performance of my Task, I have been as Compendious as possible; so that I hope I shall neither offend the Judgment, or Trespass much upon the Patience of the Reader, but rather furnish him with such Rules and Maxims, (against Delighting Women)

The Preface.

Women) that shall be delightful to Read, easie to Remember, and very proper to Practice.

There are few Persons, who have been reduced from a Plentiful Fortune, into a State of Necessity, but the World may observe, Women have always had the greatest share in their Ruin; Therefore, to be fortified against Female Policy, is a matter of no small Moment; and he that is without these Prudentials, is not a day secure of either his Estate or Person, from the Gripes of a Female Vulture, but is lyable to be Trick'd into such Labyrinths of Misfortune, where you will find no Clue to return by to his former Liberty.

All that I entreat of the Youthful Reader, is, to peruse it without Prejudice, and make it useful to himself, and I will engage, he may at Eighteen or Twenty Years of Age, evade the Designs, resist the Temptations, and withstand the Sorcery of those Crafty Witches, better than most Men (without it) shall be able to do at Forty.

The Preface.

I do not intend any affront to the Chast or Vertuous, nor would I have them offended at my Undertaking, for my Design is rather to raise them to such an Esteem, that none should have Title to Love or Admiration, but such Women, whose affection to Vertue, and resolutions against Vice, shall oblige them to be Faithful. And if the Reader will observe the Rules I have laid down, he shall know how to Judge, and how to Choose; To Instruct him in which, is the end of the following Treatise.

Female

FEMALE POLICY

Detected &c.

CHAP. I.

Of the Allurements of Women.

OF all Vices, an unlawful Freedom with the *Female Sex* is the most predominant, and, of all Sins, hath the most powerful Temptations and Allurements to betray and draw Men into this Folly. The Inducements of the *Fair Sex* are so prevailing, a Propensity in Nature so forcible, it is hard to stand unmov'd, when tempted forward by the Charms of a subtle Woman, and drove by the frail Desires of an unbounded Lust.

But as there is no Passion too strong to be conquer'd, or Temptation too great to be resisted; so if you will observe the Maxims I shall give you in this little Treatise, you will be arm'd against *Beauty*; make *Love* your Subject, and all the Subtilties of the *Fair Sex* shall truckle, and become Instruments of your Direction, instead of your Ruin.

Be careful how you conceive too good an Opinion of a Woman at first Sight, for you see not the Woman truly, but her Ornaments. Paint, Patches, and fine Dresses, are to hide Defects; for Beauty, like Truth, is always best when plainest.

Many in rich Ornaments look inviting, whose Beauty, when they undress, flies away with their Apparel, and leaves you (as *Juno* did *Ixion*) nothing but a cloudy Mistress to embrace.

If you like a Woman, and would discover if she be in Nature, what perhaps she may seem by Art, surprize her in a Morning undrest, and it is Ten to One,
but

but you will find your Goddess hath shifted off her Divinity, and the Angel you so much admired turn'd into a *Mag-mallion*.

Be always Jealous of a Maid, who extols her own Vertue; a Wife, who exclaims against her Husband in his Absence; and a Widow, that courts your Company; for when a Woman praises her Vertues, 'tis as a Shop-keeper does a Commodity, with a desire to be rid of it; and she that will lay open the Failings of her Husband to another, will, to the same Man, lay open her self whenever he shall require it of her; and when a Widow seems fond of your Conversation, besure 'tis through design; and if you are not careful, she will bury you alive.

Be not tempted to pick up any Woman in the Street; but if you should, besure you have one Eye before you, and another behind you; for wheresoever Lust leads, Danger follows.

Covet.

Covet not the Presents of a fond Woman, for they are Baits left to insnare you, and while you think you are a gainer by her Gifts, you are loosing your Self.

Whoever is trepann'd by a Woman's Smiles, is as a Fly hampered in a Cobweb, who waits the Leasure of the Spider when he shall be devoured.

He that serves the Lust of a Woman, makes himself her Monkey; for she admires him no longer than while he is playing with his Tail.

Be careful how you live upon a Whore, as how you keep one; for by the former you will get nothing, and by the latter loose every thing you have got.

Mistrust a Woman that seems Rich by her own Discourse; for she that talks much of her Fortune, hath generally but little.

Think not every Woman Rich that wears gay Apparel; for many forfeit their Vertue, to maintain their Pride.

Build

Build not too great a Faith upon the sight of a few Guineas, or a Gold Watch, these may be but shooing Horns, to draw you on to your Ruin.

Believe no Man's Affirmation of a Woman's Fortune, unless you know him; for Designs are never carry'd on without Abettors.

Be sure of her Portion, though you take her Vertue upon Credit; but he that takes both upon Trust, may find, when too late, he hath neither to trust to.

Endeavour not to continue a Woman's Love by Gifts, for every Present you make her may be the Purchase of a Rival: besides, they love Gifts, and if you use them to it, they will Love you no longer than you are giving.

Believe not the trivial Favours of a Woman a demonstration of her Love; for they pride to be Belov'd, though it be by those they Scorn.

Raise not an Opinion of your self upon the Flatteries of a Woman, nor think her Praises any sign of Love, but
of

of her Cunning; for *Designing Women*, like great *Politicians*, flatter them most they design to Ruin.

Let no Woman charm you with the Musick of a smooth Tongue; for many can talk well, that act ill.

Believe no Woman the more Virtuous for resisting the first Attempt; for, like besieged Towns, they will withstand several Efforts, and, at last, Surrender upon Capitulation.

Some Women (like strong Holds) are to be taken but one way, which if you cannot readily discover, be content, she her self will find ways to direct you, if she likes you.

When a lewd Woman serves your Necessity, 'tis with a certain expectancy you should serve her Lust: her Kindnesses are measured by your Capacity, and a continuance of her Favours dwell upon the Repetition of your Performances; she will stretch her Purse-strings to support you in Extravagancy, if you strain as hard to supply her unbounded Leachery;

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Leachery ; but be sure she will be your Servant no longer than you will remain her Drudge.

Who is *Stallion* to a *Whore*, is a *Slave* to *Iniquity*, and a *Champion* to anothers *Vices*, a *Coward* in a *Good Cause*, and a *Curse* to himself.

Let no Woman tempt you by her Wit to Love her ; for she who hath Wit enough to tempt you, hath enough to deceive you.

Suffer not your self to be Ensnared by a Woman over free in her *Gestures*, or *Conversation* ; for whosoever is much active in *Behaviour*, behaves her self like a *Lover* of much action ; and whoever is free in much *Company*, will be much freer when but *Two* together.

Think not the Amorous Glances of a Woman towards you, gives you Title to her Affection ; for they can look one way, when their Hearts are another.

Expect no good Quality in a Wo-
C man

man more than what she shows; for it is a *Maxim* in their Politicks, to put the best side outward.

If you Love a Woman, be careful how you show it; for your *Nibbling* at the *Bait*, may too early discover a willingness to be *Caught*.

Wast not your Strength in the Enjoyments of *Beauty*, neither your Time or Money in Corrupting Vertue; but Marry a Chast Wife, of a Good Family, with a Moderate Fortune, and you need not question being Happy.

CHAP. II.

Of the Inconstancy of Women.

WHosoever resigns her *Vertue*, to gratify anothers *Lust*, will not scruple the same freedom with another, to *Pleasure* her own; for few *Women* Love so well, as to Love a *Gallant* better than themselves.

She who will lose her *Reputation* to Oblige you, will Hazard your *Love* to Gratify her self; and she that will do both, can never be *Constant*.

Put no *Confidence* in a *Woman* that hath lost her *Honour*; for she who is without *Reputation*, hath nothing to engage her to be *Faithful*.

Constancy is maintain'd by *Vertue*, and she who hath lost her *Vertue*, hath nothing left to oblige her to be *Constant*.

10 *Female Policy Detected.*

She that prefers Pleasure before *Ver-*
tue, will be Constant to her Lust, but
not to you.

Nothing engages a Mans Affection so
much to a Woman, as a belief of her
Constancy; but 'tis better to believe
her otherways, for then she can never
Deceive you.

Women are sensible that Constancy
is more priz'd than Beauty; but it is a
Maxim among their Sex, to Deceive
us most in what we most Value.

Nothing is more Ridiculous than to
keep a *Miss*; for she that you keep,
will keep another if she can; there be-
ing the same Ambition in her to be
Mistress of another, as there is in you
to be Master of her; and he that thinks
a Woman Constant, because he keeps
her, proves a *Knave* to himself, and a
Fool to his *Madam*.

Put no Faith in a Woman that is
Wife to another; for she who is not
Constant to her Husband, will never
be so to you.

A Woman who hath a Husband, and will admit of a *Gallant*, let him look upon her as Faithful as Monsieur *Raggon's* Mistress, who was Constant to the whole *Troop*.

A Married Woman, if Lewd, is Subtle by Experience; for she who hath her Husband to Deceive every Day, can Deceive a *Gallant* at Leisure.

A Durable Love is the Supporter of Constancy; but that Love can never be Lasting which stands on a False Bottom.

Be Constant to no Woman but a Wife, if you be, you Deceive your self; expect no Constancy in a *Whore*, for she'll deceive you.

Credit no Womans Words who hath lost her Vertue, but believe the contrary, for she talks Counter.

If you have Contracted any Friendship with a Woman, let all she can do for you be no more than you deserve; but if, she prove Constant, let it be more than you expect.

Think

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Think not a Woman is most Faithful to him she is most Fond off; for to him she Deceives most, she seems always most Obliging.

Believe not all to be Virgins that talk much of their Virginity; for all would seem Maids that have been made other-wise.

To one, a Woman may be Constant; but if she divides her Affections between two, she can be Constant to neither.

If you are Familiar with anothers Wife, believe her not, when she says she knows none but her Husband and you; for she will Swear to her Husband, she knoweth none but himself.

Credit nothing a Woman says, as to her Constancy or Vertue; for she will Justify her Innocence before him, with whom she hath been Guilty.

Love no Woman in the Absence of her Husband; you only stop a Gap for another, who will return you no thanks for your Labour; and remember, his Approach, will be your Distance.

If

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If you Love a Woman, Conceal it, Oblige her with common Courtesies, but show no Passion; for by your Prudence you may Master her, to whom a discovery of your Love will make you become a Servant.

Measure a Womans Love by her Jealousy; for she Loves him best of whom she is most Jealous, and of whom she is most Jealous, to him she is most Constant.

Be Jealous of a Woman, that won't be Jealous of you; for she that won't be Jealous, Loves you not; and she that Loves you not, will never be Constant to you.

Answer all the expectations of a Woman you would keep Constant; for one single neglect hazards the loss of her Affections.

Keep a Watchful Eye over the Woman which you Love, seem not to be over Credulous of her Vertue, if you do, she will make tryals of your Faith.

She who Kisses her Husband, in Publick, hath generally her Eyes upon him

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If

she would Kiss in Private ; and she that will Kiss both in Publick and Private, values not where she Kisses.

Be Constant to your Wife, that she may be Constant to you ; for Gratitude may constrain a Woman to preserve those Bonds which Revenge may make her violate.

Chuse for your Wife a Prudent Woman ; for Prudence preserves Vertue, Vertue Love, and Love Constancy.

Inconstancy in a Wife makes Wedlock a Bramble, which bears Abundance of Thorns.

Inconstancy in a Husband makes Inconstancy in a Wife ; and an inconstant Wife makes a Husband a constant Cuckold.

Trust no Man with your Wife Abroad, nor court your Friend to bear her Company at Home in your Absence ; for Opportunity and Importunity may conquer the most Heroick Vertue.

Carry no Man to your Mistress if you prize her ; for if she loves you, she will

will be civil to your Friend for your Sake.

'Tis the Policy of a *Designing Woman* to oblige the Friend of him that loves her, to acquaint her self, by that means, with his Affairs, that she may manage him the better.

Most Women are of cold Constitutions, and under the Dominion of the Moon; and, remember, 'tis an approved Maxim, That *a'l Sublunary things are subject to Mutation.*

Constancy is a great Vertue, and its opposite is a dangerous Vice; whoever neglects the former, to practice the latter, is neither to be Belov'd or Trusted.

'Tis Good to be Wise, 'tis Wisdom to be Just, and Just to be Constant.

CHAP. III.

Of the Love of Women.

THE Love of a Woman is easie to be gain'd, but difficult to be preserv'd; you may with more facility subdue Vertue, and bring a Chast Woman to your Embraces, than engage her to be Constant, after she hath resign'd her Honour. 'Tis a receiv'd Opinion among their whole Sex, That the *Passion of Love* ceases in a Man after Enjoyment, and the Esteem he had before of her Person is much lessen'd by her Condescension to his Desires, which Conception occasions her to withdraw her Affections from you, (unless every Hour you confirm her in a different Faith by fresh Assurances) coveting to be Belov'd by some Body who hath a good Opinion of her Vertues; for there

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is nothing more certain, that Women who have been deceiv'd themselves, take a secret Delight in Deceiving others; therefore, you that are the Deceivers, be careful you are not Deceiv'd.

The Love of a Virgin is innocent and lasting, as her Vertue. The Love of a Just Wife friendly and delightful. The Love of a Widow politick and deceitful. The Love of a Lewd Woman lustful and revengeful.

If you are the Favourite of a Lady, and depend upon her Courtesies, you must be industrious to oblige her, and as watchful to preserve her from the Efforts of Rivals, or you will soon find your Mistress like a Pot-Gun, the last Pellet she receives will drive out the former.

Simpathize not with a Woman who loves you Passionately; for as she finds your Love encreases, she will cool her own with the Assurance of yours.

If you have gain'd a Woman's Love, and would preserve it, be sure be constant

in your Visits, or you will find most Women have so bad Memories, that a Weeks Absence will make them quite forget you.

The Love of a Woman hath its Seasons, like the Year, its Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. It begins with a warm desire, and is nourished to a greater heat, by the kind Influence of the Object, till the Harvest of her Joys are full ripe; but when the Fruits of her Affections are reap'd and gather'd, you will soon perceive some sharp Breezes, as Signs of an approaching Winter.

The Love of a Chast Woman will be continued towards you as long as you behave your self well; but the Love of a Woman who hath lost her Vertue, is but during Pleasure.

Love a Woman with Moderation that loves you to an excess; her Passion will naturally reduce it self to the same Equality, for no Extreame are lasting, and then you have the Advantage, for the Continuance of a little Love shews
a con-

a constant Temper, and looks friendly and obliging, when a Passion cooled to the same Indifferency will look slighting and neglective; besides, he that loves a Woman too much, is apt to love himself too little.

Depend not on the Love of a lewd Woman, 'tis a Reed will soon deceive you, her Love is intangled with her Lust; to continue the one, is to be a Slave to the other; and rather than be that, I would share the Punishment of *Gesaphus*.

Secure not your Love to a Woman by Oaths or Protestations; for she will then think you have bound your self to continue that Respect which would be otherwise her Care and Study to merit and preserve.

Let not the Protestations of a Woman's Love to you be a President for you to follow, though you Love her, for she does it purely to tempt you to give in the same Security, that she may have the more to upbraid you with whenever you shall prove false.

If

If you are Belov'd by a Person you cannot Marry, whom you are willing to secure to your own Embraces, draw what you can from her by Insinuations; the more you get, the faster you bind her; she will not part with that easily, she hath purchas'd dearly; and the more you cost her, the more she'll prize you.

The Love of a Virgin is much to be pitied; the Love of a Wife highly to be valued; but the Love of a Vicious Woman deserves neither; for she will Love any that will serve her Lust.

Give no Encouragement to the Love of anothers Wife; for it is Lustful in the beginning, Treacherous all along, and Dangerous in the end.

Love is a Distemper will wade through the greatest Difficulties to obtain a Cure; he that is the Phisician may exact what Fees he pleases; therefore, do you be careful how you become the Patient.

Seraphick Love, is the Bliss of Angels; mutual Love, the Comfort of Mankind; natural Love, the Chain of
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the World; but Lustful Love, the Mother of Misfortune.

To Love a Wife, is our Duty; to Love a Friend, our Interest; but to Love a Curtizan, is a dangerous Venture.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Malice and Revenge of Women.

OF all Passions, that of *Revenge* is the most opposite to Reason and good Humour; it will so far blind and deceive the Judgment, that Persons under this Madness value not what Injuries they do themselves, in rashly attempting some trifling Prejudice to an Adversary. This Passion in Women springs frequently from the envenom'd Seeds of Corrupted

rupted Love, (as the best Wines once turn'd become the sharpest Vinegar) and is so predominant in this Sex, that they value nothing they do to accomplish those ends in which the Sweetness of their Revenge is center'd; and as they love to extreams, every little neglect they construe a great Slight, and through their Weakness, mistake Accident often for Design, and fling themselves, by their own Whimsies and Conceits, into an evil Opinion of Persons which they Love. Thus, oftentimes, they let their own Jealousies pass for Realities, and sowre their Affections into a sharp Revenge, without a just Occasion, turning Furies to those they Lov'd, through a fanciful Ingratitude, which I conceive to be the chief Reason why Women are much more Subject to this Passion than Men; therefore, covet no Woman's Love, but whom you will be diligent to Oblige; for a small neglect is taken by them as a great Ingratitude.

Deal

Deal with a Revengeful Woman, as with a Hand-Granado, which you cast from you as soon as the Fuse is lighted, lest it burst, to the Prejudice of him that fir'd it.

Have no Familiarity, with her you have highly disoblig'd, least (*Bee-like*) she stings you with her Tail.

She who once Lov'd you, and is turn'd your Enemy, look upon her always to be so; be not deluded by her Flatteries, to give it into her Power to hurt you; for Women, though they seem to forget a Wrong they have been forced to suffer, yet you will find they have good Memories when they have Power to revenge it.

Trespass not on the Affections of a Woman who Loves you to Excess; for Women, (like *Ale*) if over Sweet, will turn sowre the sooner.

Take not always a Womans Frowns as Slights, nor her Smiles as a sure Argument of her Love; for every time the Sun is clouded, it does not
E predict

predict foul Weather, and when it shines out a Storm may be near at hand: Women can dissemble their Passions, and change their Looks, as a *Scorpion* can its Colour.

A Woman's Love turn'd into Revenge, is like Wine turn'd to Vinegar, which can never be reduced to its primitive Goodness, but will always remain Sowre till its dead.

Nothing is so Revengeful as an injured Woman; for which Reason, the Poets have ordered the Furies to be put up in the Feminine Gender.

The Love of a Vertuous Woman is a great Blessing; but if once lost by Ingratitude, you will find she will turn her Love that could not last, into a Revenge that will.

Shun a Woman that's your Enemy; for every time she sees you it puts her upon fresh Mischiefs.

If you have dealt Ingratefully by a Woman, converse with none that respect her, lest at some time or other it should happen to your Prejudice.

The

The Passion of an Envious Woman is virulent, and Flattery the only Antidote to expell the Poyson : To dissemble, shows more Prudence than to aggravate ; by the one, you may pacifie the Fury of fermented Spirits, when the other will beget in your Enemy fresh Resolutions of further Mischiefs.

Be Merciful to those you can overpower ; but Flatter such Enemies you cannot Conquer ; for Revenge (though sweet to those who seek it) is always bitter to the Sufferers.

Some Women are so politickly Penitent after a Revenge compleated, they will palliate the Injury with succeeding Pity ; but think the Sorrow of such a Person as great as hers, who (weeping) follows a dead Husband to the Grave, whom she hath wish'd out of the World a Thousand Times whilst he was Living.

Changes in inconstant Tempers are never to be minded ; she who does you a wilful Injury, and seems Sorry for it, it is your Prudence to believe she only

grieves, that the Mischief she hath done you is no greater.

Trust an Enemy who hath once hurt you, upon a Reconciliation, no further than you would the Fawning of a Mastiff Dog who hath attempted to worry you.

Most Women are Politick in their Love, but much more Subtle in their Revenge; therefore, be careful how you affront them or deceive them to deserve it: besides, 'tis Ignoble to offend the Pevish, or to hurt the Weak.

Make not her that Loves you, by Ingratitude, your Enemy; nor let not the Ingratitude of whom you Love excite you to be hers; for Revenge (like a Crab-Tree) produces a sweet Blossom, but a sowre Fruit.

CHAP. V.

Of the Pride of Women.

STateliness in a Woman may become
her as she walks; but Pride in Con-
versation is hateful and ridiculous, and
exposes the Persons affected with it to
the Censures of the Company in such
awker'd Gestures, and uncouth Beha-
viours, such peremptory Sentences, and
impertinent Loquacities, that offends
both the Eyes and Ears of all that have
either Modesty or Prudence. Nothing
shows the want of Judgment more than
Female Pride, which is (doubtless)
nourish'd by the vain Conceits of their
own Perfections, and begets such a Self-
Love, grounded upon Self-Opinion, that
they look upon their whole Sex beside
with Envy and Contempt, and like
Narcissus,

Narcissus, daily dote on the Reflection of their own imaginary Excellencies. Cast not your Eyes too often upon such Women, for they are chargable Mistresses, implacable Wives, and ill Mothers to your Children.

A Proud Woman, like an imprudent Prince, always Love him best by whom she is most flatter'd.

If you Aim at the Favours of a Lofty Dame, you must highly extol her Person and her Parts, and conceed with her Opinion in all things, though ne'er so opposite to Reason; for Flattery and Humility must be the Supporters of your Interest.

Let Pride in a fine Woman anticipate your Admiration; for never admire her who admires her self too much; conceive her as a large Looking-Glass crack'd, by which single defect is rendered of small Value, by reason it can ne'er be mended.

Pride in a Witty Woman, is like a Whet-stone to a Scyth, it only serves to sharpen

sharpen her Reflections, and makes her a more dangerous Weapon for a Man to meddle with.

A Proud Woman, like a stately Horse, must be rid with a Curb, and manag'd with a streight Rein, or she will soon be the Bane of her Rider.

If you Marry a Haughty Woman, you ought to have a good Estate; for you will find, a Proud Wife, in a low Station, will be an uncomfortable Companion, and the first in Adversity that shall lend a helping Hand to your Ruin.

Pride in a Friend is dangerous, in a Mistress chargable, but in a Wife an implacable Torment.

Many Women have forfeited their Vertue, to gratifie their Lust, but more to maintain their Pride; and Lust, though it will make a Woman a Whore, yet 'tis Pride that makes her Mercenary.

Many Women have Vertue enough to resist the bare Attempts of Familiarity; but few that can stand against the powerful Charms of Gold, fine Dresses, Coach

Coach and Horses, and Attendance. It is Grandeur influences Pride, and leads Ambition by the Nose through the worst of Vices ; for there are many who are honestly Poor by constraint, who would willingly commit any Evil to be Rich.

That Vertue is never Safe which is under the Guardian-ship of Pride ; the latter will be maintain'd, though the former is sacrific'd to support it.

He that hath a Proud Woman to his Wife is like an *Oak* begirt with *Ivy*, he Suffers himself to be Embraced by that which will bring him to his Ruin.

When Ambition leads the Van, the whole Body of Vice follows ; and wherever you see Pride in the Front, be sure Lust Marches in the Rear.

Pride in a Beautiful Woman is like a Flaw in a Diamond, it lessens the Value, Spoils the Lustre, and Remains Incurable.

He that Marries a Proud Wife is as unhappy as a Prince who hath a Rebel-
lious Nation to Govern, as the latter
must

must grant every Petition of the People to secure Peace in his Kingdom, so must the former every request of his Wife to preserve the same in his Family.

Of all Imperfections in a Woman, Pride is the most Intollerable, for that is hardest to be excused, which is never to be mended.

Pride in a Wife, makes a Husband appear little; it oft-times compels him to Submit, where he hath right to Govern.

He that hath a Prudent Wife, hath a Guardian Angel by his Side, but he that hath a Proud Wife, hath the Devil at his Elbow.

A Proud Woman is an Imperious Wife, an Undutiful Daughter, an Implacable Mistress, a Harsh Mother, and a Sawoy Servant.

Pride is the Parent of Iniquity, the Innovator of Vice, the Seed of Rebellion, and the Rise of Faction. Pride lost Mankind their Paradise, the World its Peace, and made a Devil of an Angel.

CHAP. VI

*Of the Ingratitude of
Women.*

LET no Man deceive himself with the Expectancy of Gratitude in a Mercenary Woman; for she, who for Silks and Satins, or a splendid Maintenance, will submit to your Pleasure, and swear Constancy to her Keeper, shall be first that forsakes you in a declining Condition; and though she hath built a Provision for her self out of the Ruins of your Fortune, yet she shall be the last Person that shall lend you the least Assistance when your Occasions shall most require it: Therefore, look upon whatsoever you give such a Woman to be buried, as in a deep Sea, from whence no Returns can be expected.

If you love a Woman, be not deluded by her trifling Presents to make chargable Returns, for that's the Aim of her Policy. Let not a Point Cravat, because 'tis her own Working, give her Title to a Settlement out of your Estate, lest while your Mistress extols your Gratitude, the World laughs at your Folly.

Giving Presents to a Woman to secure her Love, is as Vain as the Endeavouring to fill a Cieve with Water; for you may continue Giving the one, and Pouring into the other, till the last Trump sounds, e're you find the one the Faster, or the other the Fuller.

The Gratitude of a Mercenary Woman lies only in her Tayl, with it she dissolves all Obligations, and will still be a Gainer even when the Debt's Paid.

Whoever blames a Woman for her Ingratitude, is equally culpable for Trusting her with the Power to prove so; for Love with Moderation, keeps a close Heart and a wary Hand, and her Ingratitude can never hurt you.

Debauch no Virgin to maintain her after, lest you are serv'd as a Gentleman, who having wasted his Fortune in the extravagant Support of a Young Gentlewoman whom he had first defil'd, sent his Man to her upon a particular Exigence, to desire her to lend him Ten Guinea's; to which she answer'd, Pray present my Service to your Master, and tell him, when he hath made me amends for the Vertue he hath forc'd from me, I shall be glad to Oblige him; but I wonder he should think I would lend Money to him who hath rob'd me already of that which admits of no Restitution, but for ever continues him my Debtor. Therefore, corrupt no Virgin, for the Surrender of her Vertue to your Embraces, will remain upon you as a perpetual Obligation, and serve her at all times to excuse the highest Ingratitude, or the greatest Injury she shall act against you; besides, the World shall condemn you under all the Mischiefs you shall suffer by her means, crying you were first her Ruin, and all the Evils she can do you is no more than you deserve. Love

Love is the Legature that binds a Woman to Gratitude; she that Loves you, will gratefully accept, and generously return the least Favour that shall signalize the Affection of the Giver; but a *Designing Woman* esteems the Donor by his Presents, and not the Presents by the Donor.

She that hath a Design upon you, will first oblige you with some engaging Courtship to become her Debter; but be careful of those Women who are generous in the Beginning, lest you pay, with your Ruin, for their Kindness in the End.

Ingratitude is said to be worse than the Sin of Witchcraft, and he that trusteth a Woman he hath once found Ingrateful, is worse than bewitch'd.

Court not a Reconciliation with a Woman who hath once deceiv'd you, lest she triumphs over your Submission, and makes you become an Ass to bear the Luggage of her Infirmities.

To a Woman you Love, behave your self boldly, and with freedom, tho' justly and respectfully, for a Manly Carriage will awe her to be grateful, when a cringing fondness may occasion her to presume on your good nature.

In Commendation of Vertue.

Vertue, thou Ornament of Humane Life,
 That Crowns the Virgin, and Adorns the Wife,
 From thy Blest Treasure of Contentments flow
 All the true Blessings we enjoy below.
 Those Sweet Delights, which in thy Bosom dwell,
 Rise up in Springs, and into Rivers swell,
 Which know no Ebb, or Storm, but free from Noise,
 Flow Calmly in a constant Tide of Joys:
 Thou bring'st Contentment to the Meanest Birth;
 And gives us Taste of Heaven here on Earth:
 From whence, thro' Christal Innocence, we see
 A pleasing Prospect of Eternity;
 Where Angels, to receive the Vertuous, wait,
 And bid them Welcome to a Happier State.
 When *Vice* hath dress'd her Wanton Daughters Head,
 With Tresses loose, in Airy Modes Displaid,
 Complexion heighten'd, and improv'd by Paint,
 And all the Arts that Pride could e'er invent;
 Yet Vertue in plain Clois, adorn'd no way
 By Nature, looks so Innocently Gay:
 She in her Homespun Garb shines brighter far than they. }
 As Precious Gems, of which the *Indians* boast,
 The plainer set, the greater Lustre cast.
 Vertue, like Beauty, wants no Study'd Smile,
 But of it self shines bright without a Foil.
 Could the Corrupted World but truly tast
 The Sweet Delights which Vicious Actions Blast,
 Their

Their Lewd Excesses they'd repeat no more,
Their Counterfeit Enjoyments soon give o'er
To Gaze at Vertues Beams, and the Chast Dame Adore.
'Tis she emboldens us to fear no Fate,
And gives Contentment to the meanest State,
Closely Embrac'd, she Blesses each Degree
With a Calm Mind, from Perturbations free,
And, by Content, Improves Felicity.
Would all Mankind her pleasing foot-steps tread,
Which do to Truth, and all Perfections lead,
Sexes would join, as Angels do above,
Not to Fulfil their Lust, but Seal their Love.

In Dispraise of Vice.

With what reproachful Blushes do the Wife,
Those Follies, which the Age embrace, despise,
With Wonder and Contempt they Gaze to see
Vertue thus Sacrific'd to Leachery,
By the Sly Snares of Female Policy.
What strange Temptations draw the World aside,
To Embrace Vice, and Vertues Charms deride:
As Thieves and Ruffians, who abhor the Light,
Shun the Bright Day, and seek the Gloomy Night.
Tell me, mistaken Souls, what Baits allure
From Vertues Paths, so pleasing and so sure,
Where no deep Sloughs, or dangerous Bogs are found,
But sundry Prospects of Delight all round;
Who'd quit so happy, so secure a Road,
To Wade along in Filthiness and Mud.

Where

Where Paths so rugged are, Friend Josiah, Friend,
 Each for Precedency in Vice contend,
 But Sorrow is (alas) their Journeys end,
 So is the unwearied Traveller betray'd,
 When by an *Ignis Fatuus* misled (Guide
 Among Brakes and Bools, from whence the treach'rous
 Elix. undiscov'rd, and doth his Tabor hide,
 Leaving the Wand'ring Wretch quite void of Light,
 Exposed to all the Accidents of Night.
 Thus fare the Unhappy Mortals, who reced
 From Vertues Paths, the tracks of Vice to tread,
 Where Fears and Cares each Wanton step succeed.
 Look at the Monster Vice with steady Eye,
 Who thus devours the Worlds Tranquillity,
 You may discern the Beast in ev'ry part,
 By Nature Black, tho' Whiten'd o're by Art;
 As Strumpets, when Dissemper'd and Unclean,
 Paint Fair their outides when most Foul within.
 Vice, thou Black Parent of Revenge and Strife,
 Thou Shame of Humane Race, and Sting of Life,
 By thy Rank Bowels every ill is fed,
 From thee all Rapes and Villanies proceed;
Ambition, Envy, Lust, Adultery,
Murder, Rebellion, every Infamy,
 Have all their Birth and Nourishment from thee.
 Shun the Dark Fiend, and its alluring Toys,
 Reject its Trifles and Embrace true Joys;
 Which if you'll find, choose Vertue for your Guide,
 Woe the kind Dame, and keep her by your side,
 Kiss her Soft Lips, and Wed her for your Bride.

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